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## Barbara.

Barbara sits in her porch so green  
All day long till the sun goes down  
She bears the buzz of her sewing machine,  
Or the tick-tack murmur the mill wheel makes;  
She bears the hum of the distant town  
And sometimes the drone of the hive sedate;  
Or the tick-tack murmur the mill wheel makes;  
But at every step at the garden gate  
A pause she makes and a thread she breaks;  
And sadly saying: "He comes not, the  
She sighs and turns to her sewing again.  
Summer winds, can ye bring no balm  
To a weary bosom that knows no calm?

Summer and winter, and early and late,  
Deth little Barbara sit and hark  
For that one swift step at the garden gate  
That never comes of shine or dark.  
I wonder, if she but the truth could know  
That is kept from so many fond, anxious  
souls—  
That her lover's head hath been long laid low  
Where the grassy side of the prairie rolls—  
How long would it be ere window and door  
Would be empty both, and her waiting o'er?  
Oh, winds, west winds, will ye never tell  
Whistling ago in your wilds befall?

Nay, leave her be; let her knit and sew,  
And linger and listen, and watch and wait.  
In its own good time there will come, I know,  
A message for her at the garden gate—  
A whisper for breathe in the anxious ears—  
Her wasted figure a soft arm fold,  
And the love and trust of these weary years  
Will bring their reward in a bliss untold.  
Thought watching and waiting consume our  
prime,  
There are angels in heaven that bide their time.  
Ye winds, low lightly! still let repose  
The happy ignorance Barbara knows.

## TWENTY MILLIONS IN BEEF.

The Ups and Downs of Cattle Raising on the Plains—Herd Great and Small on the Borders of the Great American Desert.

A good share of the best beef in the Western markets comes from the plains of Colorado and Wyoming. The supply is increasing every year, as the shipments from the cattle yards at Cheyenne, Denver, Deer Trail, Las Animas and other points show. The best ranges are now largely occupied, and the valleys of the Platte, Republican and Upper Arkansas first swarm with cattle. Some of the best known Texas drovers have removed their herds from the Red River country to the Platte. John Hittison's great ranch on the Bijon, a tributary of the Platte, where his herd of 40,000 head are grazing, and the ranches of John W. Hiff, J. P. Farmer, and other "cattle kings," now located in Colorado, are examples. The State auditor's books show that there are a half million head of cattle in Colorado and over 200,000 in Wyoming. As a large number escape assessment by being transferred over the line, back and forth, at the proper season, it would be fair estimate to say that there are a round million of cattle grazing in the two Territories. They are worth about \$2,000,000 to \$12,000,000, and when marketed at Kansas City or Omaha, twice that sum. Last year's shipments from Colorado were estimated at 90,000 head, worth in market \$2,700,000; and the shipments from the Laramie plains in Wyoming over 25,000—showing in round numbers a product of about \$3,500,000 in beef raised for market on the western borders of the "Great American Desert."

The shipping season is generally from August to November. Sometimes the drovers load back, as they did last season, for better prices, resulting in a great run for the market in the latter half of October and the first two weeks in November, leaving the railroads beyond their capacity. During October there were 460 carloads taken Eastward from points on the Union Pacific railroad, most of them being loaded at Cheyenne and Julesburg, and coming from the herds on the Laramie plains and the Platte valley. For the four months ending with October, 1,561 carloads had been shipped from these points. The shipments by the Kansas Pacific from Denver, Box Elder, River Bend, Deer Trail, Kit Carson and Las Animas during two months have been very large. One hundred and fifty-three carloads were shipped from Las Animas alone during October. The total shipments for the season, from the above stations, will probably be 20,000 head. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe line has stockyards at Pueblo, West Las Animas, Granada and one or two other points within Colorado. Their shipments have been considerable, but I could not obtain the figures. Last season they took 8,043 head from Las Animas and 8,074 from Granada. Large numbers bound for the Eastern markets were driven out of the State, feeding leisurely long, and finally loaded on the cars at Dige City, Great Bend or Wichita, from which stations there were forwarded in four months 37,875 head. It seems probable that there will have been shipped out of Colorado and Wyoming during this season over one million and a half to two million head of fat beef for the markets of the Missouri and Mississippi valleys. Had better prices prevailed, especially in October, the exports would have been much greater. Shipping beef to market is carried on at two or three points, and is a business of some magnitude. The slaughter houses at West Las Animas put up an amount into Eastern markets over two hundred thousand head in this way last winter. The prospects are that very large shipments will be made during the winter months. It will depend on the market. Beef is now low, and all who are obliged to turn their herds into money will hold out for better terms. Good steers from the hoof, from one-half to one cent less than last season. Ordinary fawns rule so low that neither buyer nor seller cares to market them. The droves on the plains are giving a good deal of attention to "breeding up." Large numbers of thoroughbred bulls have been introduced. The old Texas stock is disappearing, and the young improved breeds, which make choice beef and a far more marketable, take their place. As a result there is an increasing demand for the plains cattle. The Texas drovers see this, and out of last season's "drives" from the Red River country, numbering about 350,000 head of title, about one-third, instead

of being marketed, were driven westward to feed until another season, and then to be shipped East as Colorado or Laramie beef.

While five or six years ago cattle in this section were herded in sufficient quantities only for the local demand, (such as comes from the scattering settlements and military posts, and the business did not attract much attention, it is now grown to such importance that it seems likely in a few years to be more extensive and profitable than gold or silver mining. The returns are large, and it is noticeable that a greater share of the capital that has come this way during the last year has been put into stock as the safest and best investment. There are large numbers of men, out of health, who have their cattle ranch on the plains or in the parks, and are getting the double returns of restored health and multiplied duets.

The tendency to go into the cattle business in a large way seems to be growing. The amount of capital represented in some of the herds is sufficient to run a national bank. Five hundred or a thousand cattle are looked upon as of very small account, although from \$10,000 to \$20,000 is represented. The average herds run from 1,000 to 3,000 head. There are many having from 8,000 to 10,000, and several from 20,000 to 40,000. At only \$10 through and through here is from \$200,000 to \$400,000 in a single herd, to say nothing of the corner lots, hundreds of ponies, the hired hands, the reserve fund necessary in handling such a "bunch" of cattle. While most of the herds are owned by individuals and firms, the capital invested is larger than some actually employed by companies in working some of the most extensive gold and silver mines of the Rocky mountains.

It is estimated that there are 40,000 square miles of grazing lands, fit for herding and nothing else, west of the Kansas borders, between the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroads. Owing to the rapid increase of cattle many of the best ranges have been eaten off, so that new ranches, handy to water, are at all times sought for. The sheep men have gradually been invading this field. Grazing as they both do upon the public domain, the only right one has over the other is priority of settlement. The State and Territories cannot legislate upon the matter. Quarrels have at times come up, and at one time, two years ago, there was such a bitter feeling that considerable numbers of sheep were killed by the cattle men, followed by retaliation in kind. The two interests seem to be antagonistic, and, as if by common consent, the sheep men, at least those doing business on the largest scale, are operating south of the Arkansas and in the San Luis valley. Northern New Mexico is a kind of paradise for them, though there is occasionally trouble from the fact that cattle men in some parts of that Territory are also carrying on a large business in sheep raising. It may not be generally known that stock raising is an extensive and profitable business in the slow Territory of New Mexico. The largest herds are to be found there. One man owns forty-two townships, which he has stocked with 60,000 head of cattle. New Mexico cattle are of an inferior grade, as no attention has been paid to breeding up. This is also the case with sheep, which in some districts seem to cover the country for miles. A limited number of families, mostly pure Castilians, have absorbed and own nearly all the flocks, prominent among whom may be named the Aramajo family, who have 250,000 sheep. They drive to Denver every spring from 10,000 to 20,000 for market.

To return, however, to our subject—a talk about cattle. It seems as if the next few years were to largely change the beef supply of the East. Instead of coming from Texas, as now, the best and most will come from the old buffalo ranges in western Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming.

There are now more cattle on the plains than ever before. Large numbers from the Texas "drives" instead of being marketed at once are driven westerly over the ranges to feed a few months before being sold. Generally, cattle winter well, without shelter, much as if they fed. Last winter was open and weather, but the winter before that was unprecedentedly cold and thousands of cattle perished. On the average the stockmen take the chances, and come out without much loss from exposure; but it is found best to be prepared for storms and extreme weather, and it is now customary among the most experienced herders to have shelter and feed for their flocks during the winter.

What depresses the market is now wholly dependent upon the ups and downs of Eastern markets. Some of them have a regular demand for their beefs from the markets of Denver, Cheyenne and the larger towns of Colorado and Wyoming, and large numbers are driven into the mountains to supply the miners' camps. The sales to butchers in Denver last season amounted to \$159,000, and to the mountain trade \$165,000. During the past summer there has been a brisk demand from the San Juan country and from the new towns in the Black Hills. There has been a good deal of risk and much loss in trying to drive cattle into the latter region, owing to the frequent Indian raids and stampeding; but where a man could get through safely he had no trouble in disposing of his beefs at a high price. Fat cattle are worth eight cents per pound on the hoof at Deadwood. At the other settled towns along the line of the railroads in Colorado and Wyoming the price of beef is moderate, but high enough to give a good profit to the drover. At Denver the price is from two and one-half to three cents. It remains in the butcher shops at ten cents for round steaks and fifteen for sirloin. The market is easily affected, in an upward direction, by an overshipment to the East, leaving a supply of marketable beefs short, or by a stampede in the winter. Very often a cold, windy snow-storm will be followed by an advance, as, for instance, last spring, when beefs advanced to five cents per pound on the hoof, and for some weeks retailed at the butcher shops at twenty to twenty-five cents per pound.

What depresses the Texas drover and entails upon him heavy loss has little effect upon the Colorado drover. The cost of raising beefs, and the losses by stampede, thieving and Indians, are not nearly so great as in the Red River country. The Colorado drover can at any time get his beef, fat and sleek, into the Kansas City market, off the range, in five days' time, and thus take advantage of a rise. On the other hand, the method of marketing Texas cattle is to drive them across the country, north, to the Kansas Pacific and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroads, taking generally two months' time, and then holding them, at considerable expense for feed, at the shipping points until prices are favorable. A hurried glance at how the Texas drover has fared in this way may be taken. He is always more or less at the mercy of the speculators, who every spring go down early into the cattle districts and spread the most doleful accounts of the prospects for the coming season's trade. If the times are dull and the drover hard up they have all the better chance to frighten and squeeze him. The result is large contracts for beefs, to be delivered at such a time to certain shipping points. Whole herds have, during the past few seasons, often been bought off at \$3 per head, or culled out at \$5 per head. This is from twenty-five to thirty cents per hundred pounds of gross. From the year 1865, when what is known as the annual Texas cattle "drives" began, until 1875 the business has been a series of ups and downs, more particularly the latter. Take, for instance, the experience of 1866, when the Southwest was undergoing the pinch of hard times. Everybody was anxious to sell. Money was scarce. Some who could count their long horns by the tens of thousands could hardly raise cash for their ordinary wants. In fact, a man's poverty was almost according to the size of his herd. The "drive" of 1866 into western Kansas numbered 260,000 head. The drover went forward with visions of better times and big pay for his beef, but was destined to meet with unlooked for difficulties. Bands of outlaws infested the "trail," and if they could not by some means make away with the drover and steal the whole herd, would at night time stampede the cattle in every direction, and seize the opportunity to gather up and hurry off what they could. His losses were fearful, and many of the raising cattle kings were "snuffed out." In later years the Texas drover has been put to great annoyance and loss by the laws of the Kansas Legislature establishing "dead lines," and compelling shipment each year to be made at points much further west, lengthening the drives and turning them into sections where food is short and dear.

During the past eight years about 3,000,000 Texas beefs were put upon the market. In 1874 450,000 head were handled, the cost value of which, at the shipping points in Kansas was only \$5,000,000; and when finally sold to butchers and packers, \$12,000,000. This was a poor year for the business. The grass-hopper plague depressed everything. There was no feed, and so the drovers hurried to market, the supply being so great and the quality so poor that prices were down, down.

The cattle men of the plains suffer none of those drawbacks. Stock is easily raised, multiplies fast and is of better quality and generally in better condition for market than the Texas; the drovers are old hands at the trade, give a good deal of attention to improving the breeds and are carrying on their business in a methodical, business-like way, and have good markets at their command, as the "Great American Desert," as the Texas of the future.—New York World.

## Winter Fashion Notes.

A great many buttons appear on all the new suits. Fancy feathers are worn more than ostrich tips and plumes. Coquettish little bows of ribbon and lace are worn in the hair.

Buckles of gold, silver, jet and steel are used in trimming hats again.

One of the newest fabrics is of camel's hair, interwoven with feather down.

Smyrna lace is the fashionable trimming of the moment for underclothing.

Sky blue and myrtle green is a fashionable combination for evening dresses.

Marine and ink blue, myrtle green, and seal brown are popular colors for kid gloves.

An exquisite new shade of blue for fancy silk stockings is called moonlight on the air.

Hanburg embroideries are cheaper and more used than ever for trimming underclothing.

Cardinal red kid gloves are seen on some of the glove counters, and the salesmen say a few ladies call for them.

They are stitched with white or black on the back of the hand in three triple rows.

Some of the latest importations of Paris suits are simply long princesses, and have one deep flounce put on at the bottom in such a manner as to simulate an underskirt.

Some of the handsomest imported French suits have the underskirt of cambric of the color of the polskaire, with deep flounces of wool serge or silk set on at the bottom. In these suits there is always a finish of velveteen, silk, or lower part around the bottom, under the lowermost flounce. Holbein green is a new shade of this popular color.

The most fashionable coiffure at the moment is a catagan loop or waterfall of wavy hair, falling on the neck and inclosed in a large meshed silk braid net, which covers all the back of the head with puffs and is fastened on the top with a bow of ribbon. Another bow of ribbon is placed in the nape of the neck, just above the catagan loop. The net is of cardinal red, or blue, green, or brown silk braid, and is called the "Luca" or the "Massaniello." The front hair is crimped, waved, or banged in this style of coiffure.

Alexander Mitchell, the railway king of Wisconsin, is building a magnificent bank building and safe depository in Milwaukee, and in the construction of his money vaults has hit upon a novel idea. He has made the floor walls and top of two thick masses of railroad rails, and has surrounded this seemingly impenetrable barrier against thieves with a very thick wall of stone.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

How it Appears from an Unbiased Point of View to a Smart Woman.

[From the Lancaster (Penn.) Examiner.]

I never until this fall realized the debt we owe the press, and I never appreciated the advantages of living in a country that elects its own rulers. My husband is a Democrat, and my father, who boards with us, a Republican. On the seventh of November I took down my last winter's cloak, and I couldn't keep back the tears. That cloak cost \$25, but it was short, and of course I couldn't wear it this season. It didn't seem as if I could wear my double paisley shawl all winter, but I thought of the sufferings of the poor, our heavy church debt, and of the many obligations William had to meet the first of January, and I concluded I wouldn't say a word about it. I might be a dowdy, but I would go calmly forward—up the church aisle—supported by the smiles of an approving conscience.

When William came home that night he said New York had gone for Tilden, and there was a glow upon his brow and a light within his eye I hadn't seen there for years. The biscuits were light as a feather, and said: "William, what do you think I had better do about a cloak this winter? You know they don't wear short cloaks. I suppose you don't feel as if you could afford a new one?"

"See about it," said William, scraping the last drop of peach juice from his preserve plate. That's a dreadful vulgar habit, and I've told William so over and over again, and I don't wonder, that being a genuine, elegant Democrat, he will persist in it.

The next morning, when I passed through the sitting-room, William sat shivering over a closed register in his stocking feet, his hair uncombed, but he cried out from the top of his paper: "Democratic victories everywhere!" "The country goes en masse for Tilden!" "Indiana contentment and rejoicing!" "We had waffles and maple molasses for breakfast, and I made the coffee myself. William had made one earnest dab at his head with the hair brush, but had evidently missed. Father called for toast, and said he had neuralgic pains striking all down the left side of his face. William read aloud something morsels from the Democratic paper, such as "Indiana gives Tilden 10,000 majority!" "What do you think this morning about my having a new cloak, William?"

"Of course you can have a new cloak, if you need one." Full returns met my eye received from Oregon, Nevada, Florida and Louisiana, but they are undoubtedly ours.

"Can't" said father. I felt a good deal of anxiety about family prayers. William isn't a professor. Father leads devotions, and I was afraid he would be too supplicatory; but he prayed mostly for the heathen, Jews and such like, but didn't refer to the Democrats, and only once—just after the heathen—alluded to our suffering country.

When William came up to dinner he said returns of Democratic majorities were pouring in from all quarters, and said: "William, I've been thinking the matter over, and I do believe it would be the best economy to buy a fur cloak. Everybody is wearing furs, and it might cost more at first, but it would be cheapest in the end; it's so durable."

"How much will it cost?"

"Mr. God, Tucker's seal skin sack was \$200 last winter, but I don't feel as if, in our circumstances, we can afford that. Furs are cheaper than last fall, and I think I could get a good, desirable, not so rich as some, but still good enough for people in our circumstances, for \$150."

"Um!" said father.

"William had taken out a blank check, and was reflecting, when in whisked the president of the Democratic club and said Florida and South Carolina had gone for Tilden, and William was wanted down to the club room to see about the illumination. He filled out the check, and I immediately went down street and selected the cloak.

That evening a shade of anxiety—a scarcely perceptible tinge of melancholy—had settled on William's countenance, while father's neuralgia was better. William asked if I had done anything about my cloak, and if I hadn't, he should suggest waiting awhile; furs might be cheaper. He said, when I asked him about it, the illumination had been postponed.

The next morning I heard the boys in the street screaming that Hayes was elected, and when I went down father was sitting on the front stairs coatless, and with his vest on one shoulder, while William balanced himself on the edge of the hat stand. Both patriots were reading the morning papers. Very little conversation was made at the breakfast table, but father was extremely polite to William, and said he didn't know when he had eaten buckwheat cakes that tasted so much as they did when he was a boy.

At noon William didn't stay to dessert, but father, having eaten his own pudding, drew William's unladen plate to himself.

The tears were welling to my eyes, and father kindly inquired why I wept.

"I've been thinking my old hat fixed over won't look at all suitable with my new cloak, but William is so blue I can't bear to ask him for more money."

"Mercy on me!" said father, "don't cry over a bonnet. Go down and get what you want and bring the bill to me."

"My hat was to be of seal brown." "Two feathers or three," asked the milliner. I thought of the hundreds out of employment, of the destitution and want the winter would behold, of the vanity and pride of dress, but while I hesitated a newsboy, just out from the afternoon papers, yelled: "Florida and Louisiana both sure for Hayes!" I knew how father would feel, and said: "Oh, three, certainly."

For two or three days there was a look, not so much of pure melancholy as of gloom, wrath and vengeance, sent mingled in William's countenance, and he sprinkled pepper on his breakfast fearfully. Father said that he awaited the action of the Louisiana returning board with confidence in their integrity, and sipped his tea with a spoon. I never knew father to sip his tea before with a spoon in his life.

By-and-bye it was reported that Electors names had been omitted from the

public votes in Louisiana, and father said there was a chill in these November days that struck to the very marrow, and William said he intended to arrange his business so that he could spend two or three weeks of winter in some Southern clime, say in Georgia or Louisiana. That afternoon I went shopping, and at ten o'clock laid on the cloth four or five samples of seal brown merino—get it, "William," said I, "which of those do you call the best piece of goods?"

His opinion coincided with mine. I held two bits off at a distance. "Ever so many women that I know have dresses of that piece," said I. I laid the bits down and sighed. Then I held them off again and said: "How dreadful it is to be poor!"

"If you want a dress so badly, get it, Mary Ann," said William.

"I really don't know as in our circumstances I ought, William."

"If there's anything I hate to see it is a shabbily dressed woman—get it." So, in order to satisfy William, I had to get the merino.

Since that time Hayes has been some times elected and sometimes Tilden. All disguises have fallen off in our family, and though my father and William treat each other with forced politeness, such words as "corruption," "jigger," "bulldozed," have become familiar language in what I once hoped would be a refined Christian household.

"William," said I, as I rung for more baked potatoes one morning, "I never allowed myself to read the Beecher scandal—much as I wanted to—and if it was worse than this I'm glad I didn't."

One day, when Louisiana went for Hayes, father promised me a new parlor carpet. If the question isn't settled soon I think I can easily get the house refurnished, and perhaps have a new China set and a silver dessert service. I am so sorry the Centennial is closed, for I know I could just as well spend another fortnight in Philadelphia, and I do believe I could have that lovely pink coral set I wanted so badly.

I don't understand politics, but I am so glad I live under a republican form of government, and I do feel sure, if any one makes good resolutions, and tries to be economical, and really means to be a good wife and daughter, a way will open out of difficulties.

## Ashtabula and Angola.

The scene of the terrible accident on the Lake Shore railroad is in many respects similar to that of the Angola disaster, the horrors of which it more than equals. It is at the crossing of the Ashtabula river, a small stream which drains the farming country of the same name, and flows into the village of Ashtabula, O. The stream is shallow and not navigable, and vessels engaged in trade of the lake and country have to load and unload at the port on the shore of the lake three miles below. Where the railroad crosses the little river the banks are high, the perpendicular height of the bridge from the water being seventy-five feet.

It will be remembered that the Angola disaster, which took place Dec. 18, 1868, on the same road, occurred at the crossing of a stream. The train in that case was much behind time, and was coming down the line at lightning speed to make up the lost moments. A car jumped the track and was dragged across the bridge.

Just before reaching the embankment on the other side it fell headlong with a crash and was thrown down the ice covered slope a distance of forty feet. This car was dashed to pieces and burned, and but three of its occupants remained to tell the story of the horrors of that wintry afternoon. One of the other two passenger cars of the train went down the opposite side of the embankment, a distance of about twenty-five feet. It was wrecked completely and twice caught fire, but the flames were put out both times by the passengers.

The situation was not as horrible as at Ashtabula, because the wrecked passenger car was not in the water, but it was nearly as bad, because of the ice and cold that they could not be identified, and forty-six wounded. The injured were taken to Buffalo and cared for. A brilliant ball was to have been given at that time at Buffalo, but was abandoned out of respect for the dead.

## Among the Alligators.

The schooner Ann E. Carr, of Northport, has been wrecked on Largo Key, south coast of Cuba. Capt. Tyler, her commander, says they were making a very quick passage, when a hurricane struck the vessel. She was driven at the mercy for four days, and on the fifth went ashore on this Key, a small desolation, and said he didn't know when he had eaten buckwheat cakes that tasted so much as they did when he was a boy.

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Restaurant proprietors in New York have been losing their oysters lately, and suspecting that they were stolen, set a watch at night to detect the thieves, when, lo! they were found to be rats. They selected the largest and finest oysters, nibbled at the mouth of the shells until they made a hole large enough to admit their tails (so runs the tale), sucked out all the juice, and the shells then burst open, leaving the oysters exposed. The rats then ate the oysters.

## An Ower-True Tale.

Near one of the pretty villages with which Saratoga county (N. Y.) abounds lived a pretty girl named Lisette. She was the only daughter of loving and too well loved parents. About four miles from the residence of Lisette lived a young man named Frank—who had graduated from college with honor and was respected by all who knew him, notwithstanding some stories reflecting on his moral character that were told of his life while absent at college. When and where Frank first met Lisette is not pertinent to the story. But Lisette's mother heard the stories against Frank, and she conceived a great antipathy against him; so much so as to forbid him the house, and finally to bid her daughter cease all intercourse with him. But up to this time the mother's injunction had been disregarded. The lovers met whenever opportunity offered, and had the parent lived the pair would no doubt have been happily married. But fate ordained otherwise. The mother sickened, and when on her deathbed laid her dying injunction upon her daughter to discontinue Frank altogether. The mother passed away, and Frank, little dreaming of the cruel blow that awaited him, attended the funeral of the mother of the girl he loved, hoping by his presence to soften her sorrow. The mother was laid in her grave and as the pair walked from the new made mound to the cemetery gates, where the carriages awaited them, Lisette told him of her mother's dying commands and of her intention of obeying them. There was no time to soften the blow by further explanation or protestation, and at the cemetery gate they parted never to meet again in life. A year passed away, and in that year Lisette, from a happy, buxom lass, had become an invalid. Physicians said it was consumption. Perhaps it was, but she well knew that sorrow had been the messenger to bring the life destroying agent. At last she, too, was laid upon her deathbed, and when assured that it would be one of death she dispatched a messenger to the only man she ever loved. But, alas! the messenger was too late. Frank, who had been gradually wasting away for a year, was stricken down with a malarial fever and could not recover. But the messenger (Lisette's brother) carried a message back to the dying girl. A few more messages were carried to and fro before the end came. Lisette died, and with her last breath told her brother to carry the tidings to Frank and tell him she would wait his coming. Not long had she to wait, for the tidings of her death snapped the slight cord that yet bound Frank to life. In those two homes, four miles apart, two forms were attired for sepulture. On the same day two funeral corteges started and pursued their way toward the village burial ground. Slowly and mournfully they moved and singularly they met at the cemetery gate. Together the coffins were lifted from the hearses, and side by side the remains of those loving ones were carried through the entrance where they last parted, rather more than a year before.

The Russian princes in Paris are all men of large incomes, but generally spend their money in a very wasteful way. One of them borrowed the sum of ten thousand francs from a money lender, giving his note for the same. On the day it fell due the holder presented it for payment, and was told by the prince that he had no money to waste in paying debts. At that moment a gentleman entered, and the prince handed him twenty thousand francs to meet the losses of the night before at the club. The lender tore up his note of hand, and said, when going out: "Now, prince, there is nothing between us but a debt of honor." The prince bowed and handed the lender a passport, but when the second begins in the same way, but when the lender presented his note, the prince, in a passion, called him hard names, flew in a passion, made him eat the note of hand. A few days later the lender received his money, with a thousand franc bill thrown in as interest. Shortly afterward the lender received a letter from the prince, telling him that he was again in want of money and telling him to present himself with 10,000 francs and stamped paper upon which to write his infernal notes of hand. The lender came with the money. "Where is your paper for the note?" he said, taking the money. "Here it is," he said, taking the money. "Here it is," he said, taking the money. "Here it is," he said, taking the money.

A French newspaper gives an account of a strange incident which occurred in its locality. A gentleman dressed in fashionable style went to a leading establishment of the place and asked for a hot bath. Before undressing, he sent the waiter for a number of articles, of which he gave a list, written on a piece of paper, being kept off by a fire. The snapping of their huge jaws were heard on every side. The Key is about sixty miles from the mainland, and out of the usual track of vessels. Soon after the Carr had thus been wrecked, her crew were the fortunate means of saving a Spanish and an English crew, whose vessels had gone to pieces, and Capt. Tyler, finding that he must divide his scanty store of provisions with these brothers in misfortune—there being nearly thirty-five persons on the island—and that starvation must soon end them, sent his boat, with one seaman in a boat to Cincinnati, with instructions to ask assistance. The Spanish government as soon as possible sent a gunboat with provisions for the relief of the shipwrecked crews, who were found in an almost famished condition. Capt. Tyler shot with his rifle three alligators that were skinned and eaten.

Restaurant proprietors in New York have been losing their oysters lately, and suspecting that they were stolen, set a watch at night to detect the thieves, when, lo! they were found to be rats. They selected the largest and finest oysters, nibbled at the mouth of the shells until they made a hole large enough to admit their tails (so runs the tale), sucked out all the juice, and the shells then burst open, leaving the oysters exposed. The rats then ate the oysters.

Butter from Mud.

"Butter from Thames mud." An article with this sensational head line in one of the London papers has had such a demoralizing effect upon the British stomach that the *Sanitary Review* has been compelled to describe the churning. It says: On visiting the place indicated we found four men, provided with long poles and nets affixed to the ends of them, engaged in collecting portions of the materials floating on the water at the outlet of the North Metropolitan sewage works. The men were in boats, moored so as to lie across a series of channels through which the sewage passes into the river, and we were informed that the time of collecting is limited to about an hour and a half during the flow of the tide. The materials as collected were stored in the boats, and they presented a most uninviting appearance, consisting of a great variety of articles, such as matted hair, bits of wood, pieces of matches and straw, tarry matter, and a fair sprinkling of particles of fat. After each skimming operation the boats with their contents are taken to small barges, where there are appliances for extracting and purifying the fat. We obtained samples of the materials from the men, and afterward operated upon them to extract the fat, with a view to determine how far it was practicable to purify the fat so as to render it fit for use in the manufacture of butter as alleged. We subjected it to various purifying processes, but completely failed in rendering the fat bright and free from offensive and disgusting odor, and we can have no hesitation in assuring the public that there need not be the least apprehension of their breakfast table being supplied with "best Brittany" manufactured from fat recovered from Thames mud. That the refuse fat from the millions of kitchens in London, and contained in the sewage discharged into the Thames near Barking creek, may in part be recovered and utilized, is beyond a question of doubt, but it is equally certain that the fat so recovered can only be purified to such an extent as to fit it for use in the manufacture of the most common kinds of soap and dip candles.

## The Worst of It.

A fact that is strongly commented upon relative to the Lake Shore disaster is that immediately after the accident a train dispatcher in Cleveland telegraphed 601 permit water to be thrown on the burning cars. The dispatcher admits sending the dispatch, but says that it was through fear that the wounded might be drowned by a too liberal use of water. Near the west pier stands an engine house with steam pumps for forcing water up into the tank on a hill. It had plenty of hose that could have been instantly attached, thus have been thrown upon the burning wreck. In this way it is claimed that most of the wounded were burned to death might have been saved, and the friends of the lost, saddened by their failure to find anything but the ashes of their friends, charging that it was the deliberate purpose of the company to let the fire do its worst completely as possible. Until the next session, his rapidly examined all the facts, judgments on these points may fairly be supposed to be way was crossed by a double track on the left hand, or southern track. That side of the bridge gave way first, and the train in falling gave way thirty feet to the left of a direct line between the abutments. The bridge fell directly downward, and crashed around the ice to the bottom of the river. It would therefore form a class which would stop the bodies washed down a stream under the ice. It is a current theory at Ashtabula, where public feeling is intensely bitter against the managers of the road, that they are anxious to remove the bridge first so as to permit any human remains now lodged against it to be washed away, and thus obliterate evidence upon which claims can be based for damages by the friends of the lost.

## A Madman's Suicide.

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